

Hazel & Tonyo and the Day the Path Disappeared

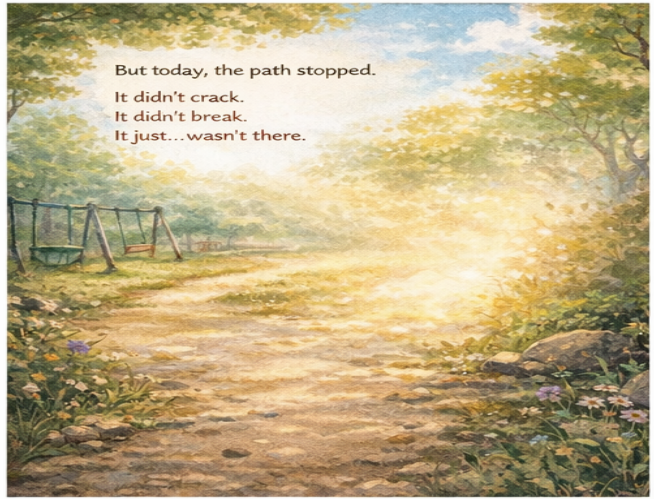
By Antonio Edwards
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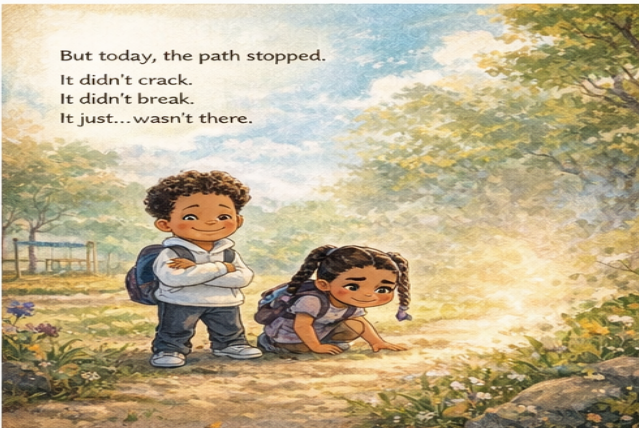
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But today, the path stopped.
It didn't crack.
It didn't break.
It just... wasn't there.



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Should we go back?
Hazel shakes her head.
"Not yet."
Look. The grass bends this way.



The more they walked, the clearer it became.
A new path appeared—
not drawn—
but discovered.



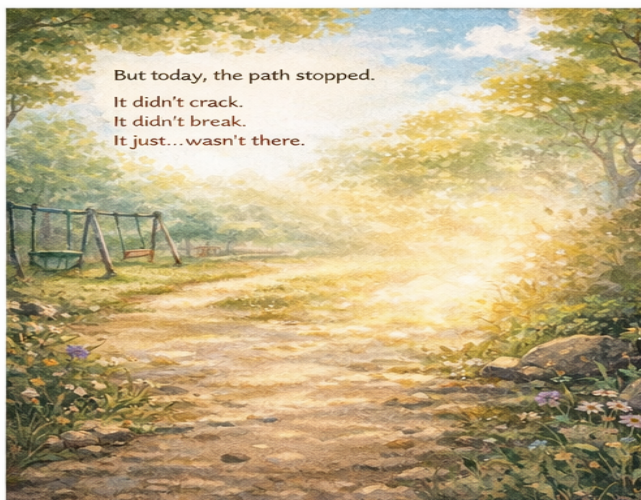
Hazel and Tonyo walked the same path every day.
It led from the gate, to the swings, to the big tree at the end.

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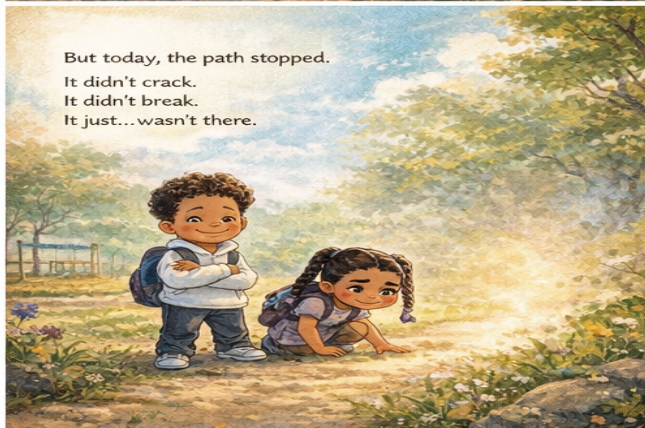
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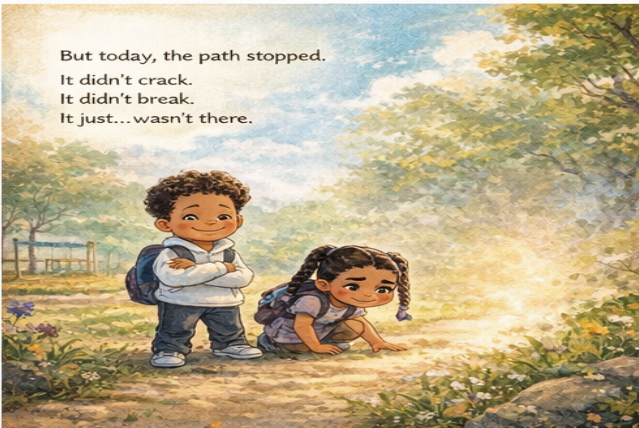
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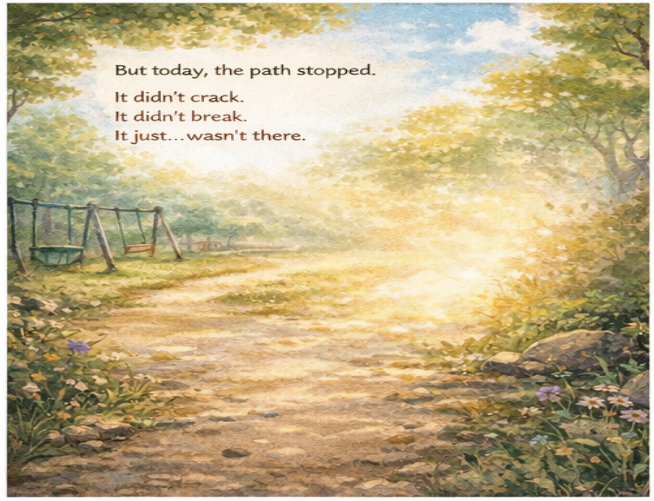
"Well, that's new," Tonyo said.
Hazel knelt down. "Nothing disappears for no reason."

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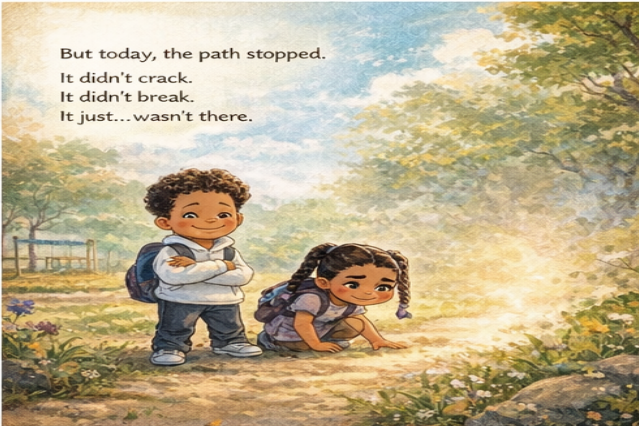
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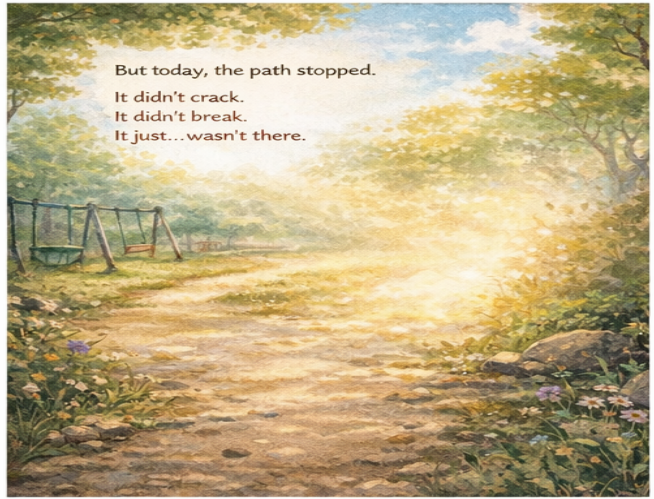
"Should we go back?" Tonyo asked.
Hazel shook her head. "Not yet."

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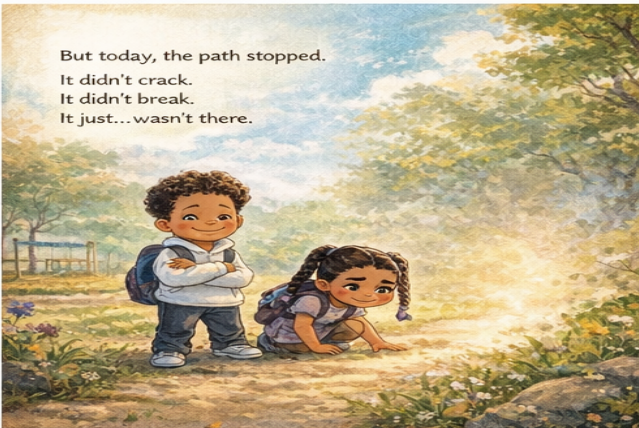
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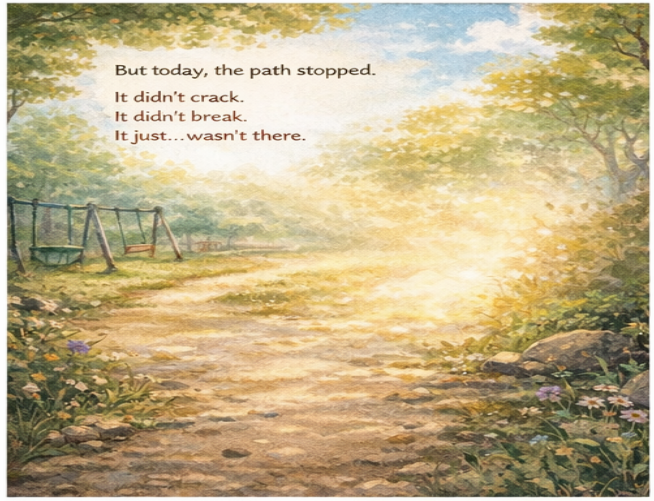
They took one careful step forward.
Nothing bad happened.

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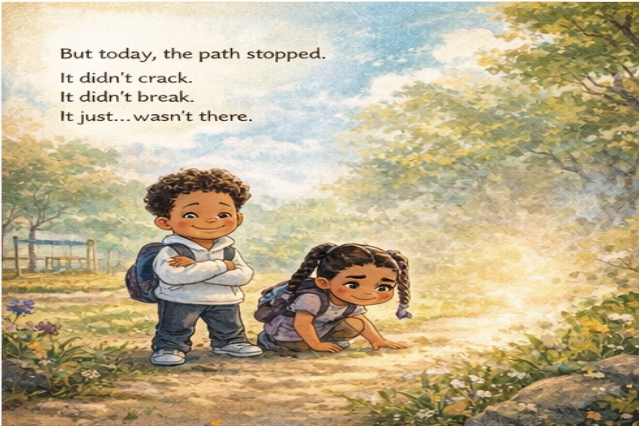
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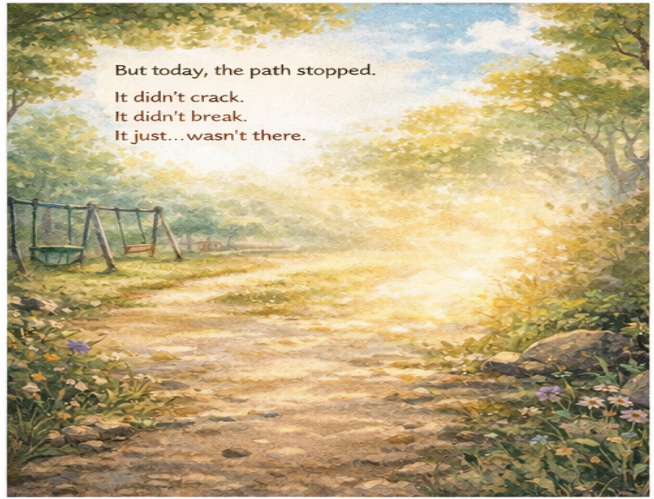
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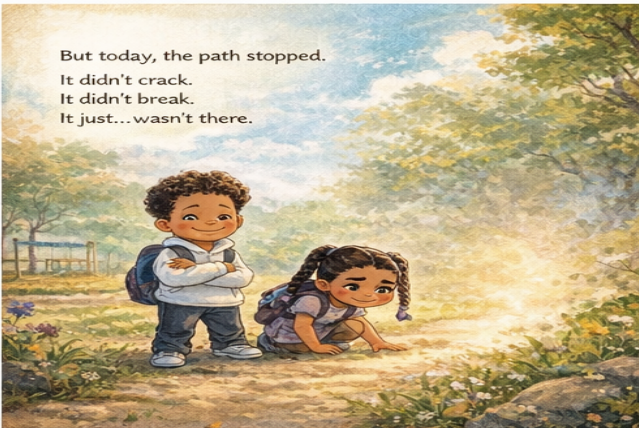
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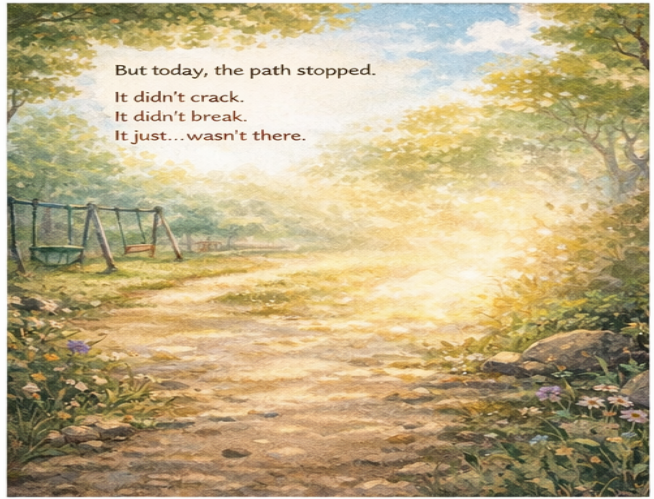
"We didn't need the old one," Hazel said.

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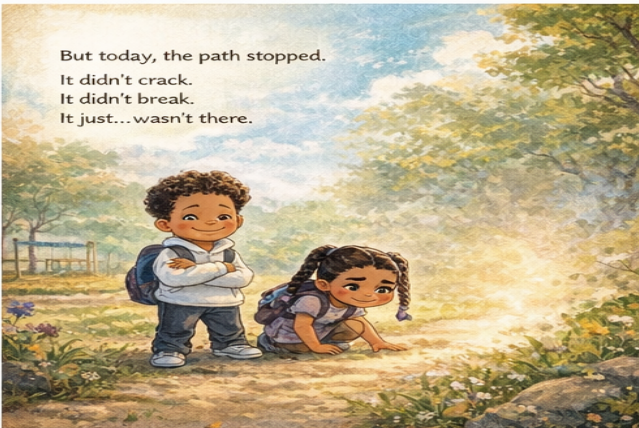
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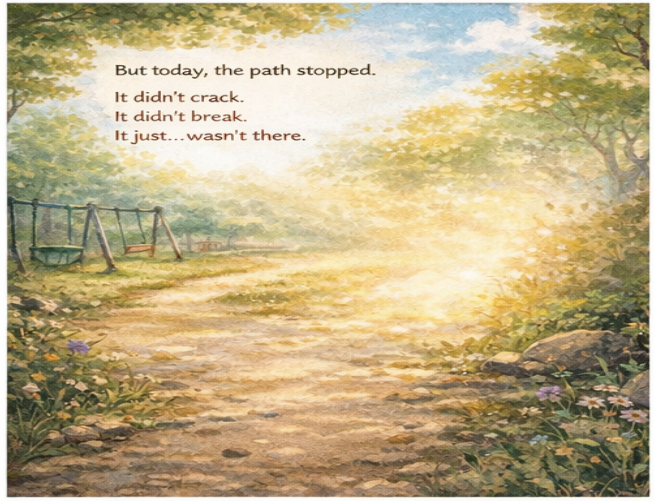
At the end of the new path was the big tree.
The same one as always.

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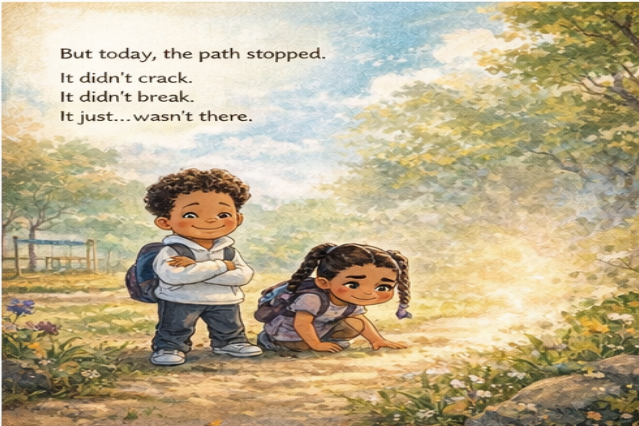
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Paths don't always disappear.
Sometimes, they wait for you to find a new way.